Hotſp. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathleſſe and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neate and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and took't away againe:
Who there-with angry, when it next came there
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt:
And as the ſouldiours bore dead bodies by,
He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobilitie.
With many holy-day and ladie tearmes
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweete,
And talke ſo like a waiting gent'ewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me the ſoueraignſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacitie, for an inward bruiſe,
And that it was great pitie, ſo it was,
This villanous ſaltpeeter ſhould be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroyed
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelfe haue bene a ſouldiour.
This balde vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And